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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

A Treatise on Roads. By the Right Hon. Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. London: Longman & Co.

MANY years have not elapsed since the publication of this work would have exposed its distinguished author to the sneers of all the wittlings between Caithness and Cornwall: no one, indeed, was found bold enough to deny the importance of good roads, and occasionally there might be heard some pretty sentences respecting the wisdom of the Romans, in extending noble lines of communication through their mighty empire; but it was supposed that to make a road was the easiest thing imaginable,—in fact, that it was something which, like farming and gig-driving, came by nature. National blunders entail national expense, and heavily, indeed, have our countrymen paid for this error; the sums wasted, or worse than wasted, on English roads during the last century, should be counted by tens of millions. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? We have ourselves known the making of mail-roads entrusted to the organist of a cathedral, a bankrupt apothecary, a writer of indifferent verses, who dedicated his book to a county member, and a candidate for holy orders, rejected by the bishop for sheer stupidity. To be sure, they all contrived, that “these stones should be made bread;” and that, indeed, was the only point they arrived at. The evils were long felt before complaints were generally uttered, and the complaints were long repeated before any one thought of applying a remedy. At length, Mac Adam, with a bold theory and a plausible manner, succeeded in drawing general attention to the subject; but Mr. Telford’s triumphant success on the Holyhead road, did far more permanent good. Since that period, a growing sense of the money that might be saved by the formation of good roads has been perceptible; but the subject has not yet received the attention its importance merits. Turnpike trustees on this side of St. George’s Channel, and Grand Jurors on the other, have, in too many instances, to learn that road-jobbing takes money from their own pockets, as well as from the pockets of their neighbours. Those who treat us with an atmosphere of dust in summer, and floods of liquid mud in winter, must be taught that by the wear and tear of their own horses, they lose more than they can ever hope to gain from patronage.

It is for the force of the appeal which Sir Henry Parnell makes to the self-interest of those, who would probably be deaf to any other argument, that we value his book: he shows that the repairs of a bad road amount to a much greater sum than the first cost of a good one; that these repairs, after all the outlay, can never remedy the original defect; that horses on these roads do less work and are much sooner worn out; and that the waste of horse-power is frequently a third, a

half, and sometimes as high as three-fourths. That is, two-thirds of the expenses of land-carriage may be saved on many of our present English roads.

The ordinary phrases of commendation would fail to describe the importance of this volume; instead, therefore, of attempting a formal eulogy, we shall endeavour to make a brief analysis of its contents, in the hope that our summary may direct attention to the subject. But every person anxious to investigate the matter thoroughly must consult the work itself.

When a new road is about to be formed, the first thing to be done, is to have the line accurately surveyed; it is not generally known, that the road which goes round a hill may be as short, or, perhaps, shorter than the road going directly over it, besides being more level and easier for the horses: even less known is the great saving that results from taking advantage of natural facilities for embankments. There are some execrable roads in these kingdoms, which by a slight change in the line, might have been made better, shorter, and at less expense; but the trustees were economic men, and would not agree to the cost of a survey.

An accurate calculation of the cubic quantity of earth-work in the cuttings and embankments is, one would have supposed, a matter of prime necessity; so thought not our English road-makers: until the publication of Mac Neill’s tables, they adopted a system of calculation erroneous in principle and cumbrous in practice. “By the method of mean areas commonly in use, 501 figures are required to obtain a loose approximation to the number of cubic yards, in about half a mile of distance with certain heights; when the distance was extended, the limits of error were of course enlarged, and the labour of calculation vastly increased; but with Mr. Mac Neill’s tables, the amount may be accurately ascertained in 172 figures.” Cuttings and embankments are among the most important matters connected with modern roads: the best advice that can be given to a country gentleman and road-trustees on the subject, is, “employ the best engineer, and the most solvent contractor, and pay both very liberally.”

Drainage, and the exposure of the road-surface to the action of the sun and wind, must also be taken into consideration. In summer, it is pleasant to drive between high hedges and enjoy the shade of lofty trees, but everybody’s experience proves how dearly this pleasure is paid for in the winter. The next subject, is the laying a good foundation for the road; Mr. Mac Adam has stated, “that it is no matter whether the substratum of a road be soft or hard;” and as this is the great and fundamental error made by him and his followers, we shall examine it for a moment. Suppose the subsoil to be spongy or elastic, and bear in mind what traction has to overcome—the force of gravity, and the resistance occa-

sioned by friction. Perfect smoothness is, as every school-boy that shoots a marble knows, the greatest advantage for overcoming the resistance of friction; the marble will not go so far on a carpet, as on a plain floor, and on neither so far as on a sheet of ice. Now, what is true of the marble, is equally true of a coach-wheel; every indentation in the road increases the friction, and, supposing even perfect elasticity in the subsoil, the spring in the rise and fall causes a new obstacle to be overcome, and an increased amount of friction to act against the moving power. It is still worse with a spongy subsoil, for the road metal pressed down by the weight of the carriage will sink in the soft earth, the broken stone will separate, and the plashy clay rising through the interstices, render the whole road full of ruts and mud. Of this a very woeful example was recently before our eyes, in the road over Pentonville Hill. A good foundation is as necessary for a road as for a house; because firmness is requisite for hardness, and without hardness we cannot have a smooth surface. If any person deems that this is mere theory, we refer him for practical proof to any coachman on the great northern road, who remembers the old condition of the cut under the Highgate Archway.

Sir Henry Parnell examines at great length the relative advantages of canals and railways, deciding in favour of the former. On this subject we shall offer no opinion, because, the facts hitherto collected are neither sufficiently numerous, nor sufficiently decisive to justify a final judgment. Locomotive engines are yet in their infancy, and all calculations would be baffled by the discovery of a new power, or a new mode of applying steam.

The chapter on road legislation deserves to be read very attentively; perhaps, Sir Henry has been too lenient in the exposure of present evils, and has proposed alleviations rather than remedies. It is hard to discover the proper medium between centralization, and an excessive number of local boards; but it seems clear to us, that one set of commissioners should have complete superintendence over each great line of road: parochial and local management of necessity leads to favouritism and jobbing.

Having briefly noticed the leading topics discussed in this volume, we think it necessary to say a few words on a topic which the author has designedly passed over, the moral effects of roads. Scott’s novels have revealed to the world the state of the Scottish Highlands, about a century ago; it is true the charms of romance are thrown over the picture, and the barbarism of savage life hidden beneath sketches of intense feeling and heroic daring; still, enough is shown to prove the misery, the ferocity, and the crime, which, in spite of the descriptions given by poets and philosophers, necessarily belong to a state of nature. The very different character of the

present Highlanders can alone be attributed to the lines of communication opened by the government; and the philanthropist, as well as the traveller—

Had he seen those roads before they were made,
Should lift up his hands and bless General Wade.

Equally striking are the effects produced by the new roads in North Wales; in that province, moors and bogs are fast being changed into good arable land, and an intelligent peasantry succeeding to a rude and ignorant race. If we cast a glance beyond the Channel, we shall find that the agrarian disturbances of Ireland are principally confined to those districts where the means of communication are bad or limited; but when new roads are opened, the traces of barbarity quickly disappear. Some twenty years ago, the Duke of Devonshire, on a tour through his Irish estates, visited the little town of Dungarvan, over roads that defy all powers of description; the inhabitants could devise no better amusement for their illustrious visitor than a bull-bait, and a party fight: he fled from the town in dismay. Since that time, roads have been opened, bridges built, and Dungarvan brought into the line of communication between Cork and Waterford; it is now a fashionable bathing-place, as quiet as any town in England. During the rebellion of 1798, the counties of Wexford and Wicklow were the centre of the insurrection: since the formation of the great military road, no two Irish counties have enjoyed more uninterrupted tranquillity. From its interest to tourists and lovers of the picturesque, we shall mention one other instance: beautiful and romantic as are the Lakes of Killarney, they yield in both respects to the magnificent scenery of Glengarriff, and the districts between both. But to get from Killarney to Glengarriff, was until recently an enterprise as hazardous as to cross "Ramah's wild, or Heber's waste." A pedestrian, who despised fatigue, was careless as to the quality of food, and could rest in a hovel, compared with which an Indian wig-wam was a palace, might venture on the feat; a very bold horseman, used to follow hounds over the most rugged country, to hazard break-neck leaps, and to look down dizzy heights, had some chance of accomplishing the journey with life and limb; but a wheeled carriage—"deil a wheeled carriage ever gaed into Liddesdale," as Dandie Dinmont says. Principally through the exertions of the Marquis of Lansdowne, an excellent road has been completed through this country; a line of communication being opened with the coast, the peasants are enabled to procure sand and sea-weed for manuring the soil; flourishing farms appear, where a few years ago was an idle waste, substantial cottages have replaced the mud cabins, and, in addition to the enjoyments of unrivalled scenery, the tourist may now enjoy the more delightful sight of a peasantry rapidly advancing in comfort, in morals, and in all the elements of social happiness.

Glorious would be the consummation, if such scenes became common through the three kingdoms; and nothing seems more likely to lead to such a desirable end than the truly valuable publication for which we stand indebted to Sir Henry Parnell.

Heath's Book of Beauty, 1834. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London: Longman & Co.

WE have already said, that of all the names adopted by booksellers or by authors, the 'Book of Beauty' is the most audacious. The lady editor, whose portrait graces the volume, is indeed beautiful; and had it been so named in reference to her, the compliment would have merited praise. But Heath's book was a Book of Beauty in the hands of others, before it pressed the charms of the Countess into its service; and as it professes to owe its attractions to creations of loveliness by the pencil, we may proceed to examine its claims to the title, without offending beauty which belongs to the peerage. There are doubtless several engaging faces among the nineteen which are preserved among the poetry and prose of this volume, as specimens of flowers and plants between the leaves of an herbal; but few of them can conscientiously be called beautiful; and many are the reverse. Lady Blessington herself is fair to look on: there is considerable sweetness in the 'Francesca' of Boxall; something pleasing in the 'Isidora' of Chalon; but the most charming of all is Chalon's 'Phœbe': it is more like one of Reynolds's than any picture we have lately seen. On the whole, though certainly not a 'Book of Beauty,' this second volume is an improvement on the first.

Among the artists who supplied the pictures for the "Book," we observe none with titles—ordinary hands furnished the Beauty: the verse and prose come mostly from higher quarters. We have a story by Lord Castlereagh, poetry by Lord Morpeth, and no less than eight pieces of verse and prose by the Countess of Blessington herself. Sundry members of parliament, too, find room to give their sentiments an airing; and of popular authors we have Bulwer, Galt, Landor, and the author of 'Miserrimus.' We must give honour to whom honour is due: there is a picture of a Scottish girl drawn by the pencil of Viscount Castlereagh, which, though somewhat oppressed with words, is much more vivid than the portrait which it professes to embody; not so 'Phœbe; or, my Grandmamma West,' by Smith: the mixture of the arch and the beautiful which makes up Chalon's 'Phœbe,' is by no means equalled in the following poem, though the latter has its merits:—

Ah, Phœbe! how slyly, love's arrow to barb,
You've stolen down stairs in your grandmamma's garb;
Your ringlet-graced head, and your stomacher flat,
The cut of your cloak, and the bend of your hat,
Your founce and your furbelow, all have confessed
Your masquerade likeness to Grandmamma West.
That necklace of coral I've seen all afloat
(Ere wrecked by old Time) on your grandmamma's throat;
Her hands, alike gazed on by dandies and bores,
I've seen her fold often as now you fold yours;
While crowds have around her at Ranelagh pressed,
Allured by the beauty of Grandmamma West.

Hold, Phœbe! thou archest of heart-stealing girls;
Thy hat, and thy cloak, and thy lace, and thy pearls,
Must not be cast off, till the painter shall trace
Thy raiment antique, and thy juvenile face.
With thy ringlets and founces that once gave a zest
To the now-waning charms of your Grandmamma West.

'Tis done! now begone; and remember that time,
By steps slow and sure, is corroding your prime;

An era shall come, spite of hopes and of fears,
When Phœbe shall be what she now but appears—
A city old woman, arrayed in her best,
A counterfeit true of her Grandmamma West.

Walter Savage Landor is here with his 'Imaginary Conversations': of these the one most to our liking, is that between Philip II. and Dona Juana Coelho.

Our young ladies who are inclined to amuse themselves with the affections of the deserving, would do well to read 'The Coquette,' by Lady Blessington: the tale is too long for extracting whole, and we cannot consent to maim it. The same fair hand supplies us with verses to 'Matilda, Sketching,' which, though not equal to the prose of 'The Coquette,' are not without merit. Perhaps the most striking contribution is a poem called 'Epochs,' by Mr. Bulwer: it is easy and graceful—strong and glowing. The following passages will awaken many remembrances among our readers:—

But there was one at length I met—
I've not forgot the meeting yet!
I loved her at first sight; and though
I fondly loved, I knew not so;
For she was like some saint above,
And seem'd too beautiful to love.
I say, then, that the fire I felt
Was adoration—and I kneel,
Kneel with a holy zeal that none
Should know but for th' Almighty One.
But soon some shades of earthly feeling
Came o'er that pure devotion stealing:—
For there are moments when the spirit—
The purest, best—seems to inherit
Some darker feelings of the heart,—
The birthright of its grosser part.

'Twas in an hour such as we find
A summer evening leaves behind,
We were alone—no cold eye near,
And nought but our own selves to fear.
The lamp which lit the chamber cast
A ray like Memory's o'er the past,
Which gives all things a sadder hue,
And yet will make them lovelier too.
We lifted ('twas so fair a night)
The curtain that kept out the sight
Of those bless'd orbs that live on high,
Breathing God's glory through the sky.
I gazed upon the scene before me;
And, as its mystery crept o'er me,
My bounding spirit fondly went
Up to its native firmament;
And I exclaimed, "Oh! wouldst thou, oh
Wouldst thou not die, if we could go
From this earth's dimness up to share
One of those bright worlds shining there!"
Saw, wouldst thou not, I paused, ashamed
Of the wild wish that I had framed;
And casting down my eyes, they met
Her own sweet eyes—I see them yet,
Gently mysterious as they were—
The sight was more than mine could bear;
I dared not trust another look,
But where she sat my seat I took.
A tale there was on either cheek;
But we sat mute, and could not speak,—
So much had thoughts of evil made
Our voices of themselves afraid.

And months have gone since then—and there
She sits with that sweet sorrowing air,
More loose than wont her golden hair;
In those eyes, downcast and dim,
Some tears, like dew-drops, trembling swim;
Her cheek is on her hand reclined,
And paler than you hoped to find;
And by her side the book, the flowers,
So cherish'd in more careless hours.
The casket, whose lone cells contain
Those letters read to read again,
And aye bedew'd with precious tears,—
What, gentle lady, are thy fears?
Nay, canst thou idly dream that he,
So loved, will prove untrue to thee!—
What! false to such an angel-face?
False to such tenderness and grace?
No; though he stray'd from all beside,
Ne'er will he quit thy gentle side.
He swore so once—he swears so now,
And Heaven be witness to the vow!

This book must be looked upon as a pretty Annual: it is of a gossamer kind of manufacture; and this judgment refers to its art as well as to its literature.

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Ueber den Zustand der Heilkunde und ueber die Volkskrankheiten, in der Europäischen und Asiatischen Türkei, von F. W. Oppenheim, Doctor der Medicin und Chirurgie, &c.—[On the State of Medical Science, and on the National Diseases in European and Asiatic Turkey. By F. W. Oppenheim, Doctor of Medicine and Surgery, &c.] Hamburg: Perthes and Besser; London, Rich.

It has long been remarked, that, of all travellers, physicians had the best opportunity of observing the manners, feelings, and opinions of oriental nations; and few have, in this respect, been more fortunate than Dr. Oppenheim, who professionally accompanied the invading Russian army in the last war, and was afterwards employed by the Grand Vizier. He is evidently a clever, intelligent man, and appears to have made good use of the advantages thus afforded him; his book, although too medical to be adapted to, or fit for, the general reader, is valuable, as well to those who wish to study human nature, as to those who love to enjoy a laugh at the absurdities of their neighbours.

We shall begin our translation with an account of the situation and character of a Frank Physician in Turkey:—

The Turk considers the native Christian as his inferior, and can seldom conquer his contempt sufficiently to place full confidence in him. On the other hand, over the Frank, who stands under a different jurisdiction, he knows that he has no power; and, in a country where the right of the strongest prevails, this alone gives a material advantage. But, besides this, every Frank is, according to a common Turkish saying, sensible and well-informed, and the words, *Akely Frankistan* (the sensible Frank-land), are in every Turk's mouth.

But, proper as this character may, generally speaking, be, as a distinction from the Turks, it is by no means applicable to the majority of Franks practising in Turkey, as will best appear from the rank held, and trades exercised by many of them in Europe. For instance, amongst the regimental physicians were a Maltese, who had been a letter-carrier in Corfu, and a Ragusan captain of a ship, who had lost his vessel. . . . At Smyrna I was called to a consultation with a French physician, who had served as drum-major in Napoleon's army.

Our readers may, perhaps, think, that if this be the character of the majority of Frank practitioners in Turkey, there is nothing very much out of the way in the following account of the mode of bargaining with them:—

If the physician proposes to perform an operation (Dr. Oppenheim, be it remembered, is both surgeon and physician), it is necessary that he should conclude a bargain before the judge, not so much to ensure payment, as, in case of an unfortunate result, to secure himself from insults, accusations of murder, or individual vengeance. Accordingly, the patient, or one of his relations, goes with the operator before the Cadi, or, in large towns, before the *Mufti*, who gives them a *Fetwa*, by which the operator is acquitted of all blame in case of an unfortunate result, and promised a certain sum for the operation, only the half of which is paid in case of failure. The advantages of such a proceeding I myself experienced. After the affair of Monastir, on the 24th of August, 1830, I performed an amputation on a wounded *Dehli*. He died. Some months afterwards, being sent by the Grand Vizier to Pristina, to examine some recruits, I was invited to visit the Cadi. After

the usual compliments and courtesies, he asked me, "Art thou the Grand Vizier's physician? Didst thou operate upon the *Dehli*, Soliman Aga, and is he dead?" I answered affirmatively, and he went on, "Here is his father, who accuses thee of homicide. Thou hast shed his blood, and must atone it." I was already sufficiently familiar with the manners and language of the country not to be frightened, and, after a few rough answers, I withdrew, and reported the affair to the Pasha, who reprimanded both accuser and judge.

It is very different when, without a surgical operation, a physician has the misfortune of losing a patient by an internal malady. He then runs no danger of paying for the lost life with his own, unless the deceased have held some political office, in which case the family are often tempted to revenge upon the physician the loss of their income. Otherwise, the family is soon consoled: Fate had appointed this hour for the death of the deceased; and, as he is gone to Paradise, death is, to him, no misfortune.

The note appended, respecting the death of official personages, whose legal heir is the Sultan, relates a characteristic anecdote:—

The father of the present Pasha of Üsküp was taken ill six years ago, and the body physician of the Grand Vizier (my informant) saw him as he lay in the last agonies, and foretold to the sons his immediate death. They replied, "No, no! if it be the will of God he shall live yet longer." They, however, declined the ill-boding physician's future visits, removed the invalid to a remote, quiet wing of his seraglio, and suffered only a few old and confidential slaves to attend upon him. The sick man died, probably the same day. The sons buried him under the floor of the room in which he lay, and for four years conducted the government in his name, sanctioning, with his signature, all public documents. Physicians were called in from Constantinople, and from all parts of the empire; they were consulted upon the invalid's case, but not permitted to see him, upon the plea, that he would neither endure the sight of a physician, nor take any medicine. The physicians were then well paid, and dismissed. When the sons had, by enormous presents, at length purchased the favour of the court, they announced the recent death of their father, were confirmed in his offices and dignities, and allowed to retain his very considerable fortune.

The following happily illustrates Moslem value for human life:—

As there is no sort of medical police, the sale of poison is, of course, unprohibited; and thence, as also from the ignorance of buyers and sellers, casual poisonings are not of rare occurrence. The physicians, who keep apothecaries' shops, sell to everybody, without exception, whatever, and how much soever is asked for. In open boxes and baskets lie, without any order, sugar, salts, arsenic, &c. Not only does he who asks for the latter article get it; but he who next enters the shop, to ask for something else, has his goods weighed out to him in the same scale, about which, perhaps, more poison remains sticking, than would suffice to dispatch him out of this world. Besides this, unscrupulous or ignorant physicians, who know not how to prescribe,—and their pupils, who know as little how to make up a prescription,—often make fatal blunders, at which they afterwards shrug their shoulders, and, without any emotion of horror or remorse, declare that the patient, who is lying in the most frightful spasms and convulsions, must be possessed with a devil, whereupon they forsake him. The family then summon both Turkish *Imams* and *Dervises*, and Grecian *Papas*, as there is no knowing whether the devil in question be Turk or Greek; and these spiritual

operators remain, adjuring and exorcising, until the sufferer has breathed his last.

But still more frequent than accidents like these are intentional poisonings; and the native physicians yield their ministry to the perpetration of such crimes. According to the religious opinions of many Turks, crimes of this description are nowise sinful, inasmuch as he who commits them only forestalls an enemy, who is watching for an opportunity of doing the same by him; and also because, if the enemy's death be not pre-ordained by fate, the attempt will, in one way or another, fail. If it is horrible that the perversion of an article of faith should give birth to the thought of such crimes, it is yet more revolting to see them carried into effect by Christians, who have no similar palliative. Alas! native physicians, who are in the service of a rich Turk, a Pasha, or the like, too often lend a hand to such deeds; and it is not advisable for a conscientious physician to enter the service of a Turkish Grandee, as the rejection of such proposals is not unattended with danger to himself. My own sad experience in these matters determined me to leave Turkey more hastily than I should have done otherwise.

The last Turkish-Albanian campaign was decided rather by a series of crafty and villainous deeds, than by the moral force and superiority of the Grand Vizier. Of open fighting and the measuring of physical strength, there was scarcely any question. Two of the most powerful adversaries, Whely Bey and Asslan Bey (the Lion-Prince), were invited by the Grand Vizier to attend a review of the regular troops, whom they had not yet seen; they were stationed betwixt two battalions, that, upon the signal being given, fired with ball, and—the two enemies were put out of the way. . . .

One evening I chanced, in accordance, indeed, with my duty, but not with my custom, to make one of the crowd of courtiers who stood with bowed heads and folded hands before the Grand Vizier, as he sat alone at table. This was a moment at which he was wont to inquire the gossip of the day, or himself to make communications, to which the circle listened with some relaxation of the accustomed Moslem gravity; whilst all anxiously awaited the Vizier's signal of dismissal, which would allow them to enjoy their own respective repasts. Upon the evening in question, he kept me with him after his supper was finished—ordered coffee, pipes, and the chess-board, and bade me sit down upon the divan. All servants were dismissed, and I remained alone in the spacious hall with the man who expected unconditional obedience from his dependents; at whose nod upwards of an hundred thousand heads had already fallen.

We had made a couple of moves on the chess-board,† when the Grand Vizier looked me steadily in the face, and said, "*Hekim-Baschi*, (the title of a physician,) I have enemies—thou canst, thou wilt assist me." Hereupon he gave the signal of dismissal: I had no words to answer, nor, after that signal, was it allowed me to speak. I bowed, after the Turkish fashion to a superior, with a movement of the right hand to the ground, and to my own mouth and forehead, which in Turkish means *basch üstünde*, or my head upon it—the equivalent of the Frank, Your humble servant.

In haste and agitation I rode home. I had but too well understood the Pasha, and clearly saw my own danger: I could not obey, and must be upon my guard. Two of the most considerable Albanian princes, who mistrusted the Grand Vizier's body physician, had applied in full confidence to me; the Vizier knew this, and I was to dispatch them. I meditated on the speediest

† To have taken a couple of whiffs of the pipe given me, would have been highly indecent. I was to keep it untouched by my side.

means of escaping from the Vizier, and hoped to accomplish it through the grasping and envious Armenian and Greek banker and secretary, and large pecuniary sacrifices.

Twelve days elapsed, during which I carefully avoided not only the Vizier, but all out-of-doors intercourse. When I rose on the thirteenth morning, my servant brought me, as usual, my pipe and a small Turkish cup of black coffee with sugar. I drink; the taste is disagreeable, and I am sick. With the cup in my hand I hasten to the apothecary, and two drachms of corrosive sublimate are found remaining in the sediment. I took emetics, swallowed quantities of whites of eggs, and recovered.

I had no grounds for suspecting one person more than another. The number was great of those who, from fanaticism, envy, fear, or the like, wished me away; and if the order to poison me came from a superior, every hand would be ready to execute it. I at length accomplished getting a passport from the Vizier, and hastened into Greece, leaving behind me considerable pecuniary claims.

Such atrocities are so much the order of the day, that the expression, "a man to be poisoned," is equivalent to a wealthy or influential man.

This being the case, we cannot much wonder at the precautions which, we are told, the Turks employ with respect to medicines. They require the physician to administer their drugs in person; to reseal the vessels containing them, after every dose, with their own seal; and, in the first instance, either to taste them themselves, or to exhibit their operation upon a slave.

From several professional visits to harems, we select the following:—

The favourite wife of the *Kiaja Bey* (man of business) of the Pasha of Adrianople, had been indisposed for three days, and the Pasha, who had the greatest confidence in me, assured the husband that I could certainly cure, if permitted to visit her. The *Kiaja Bey*, without seeing me himself, ordered his *Harem-Kiaja* (the guardian of his women) to conduct me into the harem. The abode of the women stood at the distance of a full half mile from the *Kiaja Bey's* own. We at length reached a low door, at which my conductor knocked; it was opened, and we passed through it into a garden, in which was an airy pavilion, with a magnificent basin of water, and a refreshing fountain. Here I was desired to sit down, and served with pipes and coffee, whilst notice was given of my arrival. In a quarter of an hour I was led through the garden to another door, which my companion opened, and where I was received by a veiled woman,—the female superintendent and porter of the harem. She led me through another garden to the building appropriated to the women, where a crowd of children and female slaves, white and black, were running about, and peeping curiously from behind curtains. At length the sick room was opened to me—a pretty little chamber hung with red, the blinds of which were carefully closed. The invalid lay on mattresses, on the well-carpeted floor, beside the divan, and was so completely covered from head to foot with a white cloth, that no one could have supposed she was there. I was directed to place myself on one end of the divan; the curious attendants were dismissed, and, except myself and my interpreter, no one remained in the room but the two children of the invalid, of four and five years old, and the old matron. The questions I now put to my patient were answered through the veil without any hesitation or prudery, even when they were of the kind that annoy and distress our European ladies. Upon my expressing a wish to feel the

pulse, a pair of beautiful white hands were put forth, one after the other; and when I desired to see the tongue, the invalid raised her veil sufficiently to enable me to scan the features of a very lovely brunette, barely twenty years of age;—but she immediately withdrew herself again, like a snail into his shell, and I was now requested to leave the room, and address any further questions to the old woman, who could inform me on all points. This person then led me back to the *Selmanlik*, or the entrance room of the master, and again regaled me with coffee and pipes.

I was now led to the *Kiaja Bey*, who questioned me about his wife's health. I made him easy upon the subject; and when to his two questions of, how soon she would be well, and whether I must visit her again, I returned the satisfactory answers, that the last was unnecessary, and health would be fully restored in a few days, provided my directions were strictly followed, he expressed his perfect satisfaction by a motion of the head, again entertained me with coffee and pipes—the established mark of respect; and through his *Hasnadar* (treasurer) handed me a purse, or 500 piastres.

But the *Kiaja Bey* of Adrianople seems to be the most liberal of all Sultan Mahmoud's reformed Turks; in no other harem was our Doctor allowed such free intercourse with his patient. Upon being called to another sick lady, he tells us—

I was received by the husband and the father of the invalid, and entertained in the usual way. When I would have addressed some questions to the husband relative to my patient, he answered that he knew nothing about the matter, nor did it signify, as he would himself take me to the invalid, and I should feel her pulse. She lay upon mattresses, as in the room before described, so thickly covered up and veiled, that it was impossible to suspect the presence of a human body amidst that bulky mass of cushions, mattresses, and shawls. Questions there were none; but after I had seated myself by the side of the invalid, the husband said, "Here is the physician;" and then, from amidst the cushions, a hand was stretched out, so wrapped up in a white cloth, as to leave, in the region of the wrist, just so much uncovered skin as might admit of two fingers being placed upon the pulse. This done, I was taken away again; and as there remained much which it was indispensable that I should know, my every question occasioned a message into the harem, to procure the requisite information. Thus did an hour elapse ere I could learn whether the invalid slept well, whether she suffered from heat, from thirst, &c. &c.

Upon this occasion the husband secured, by his own presence, the invisibility of his wife. But when such was not the case, Dr. Oppenheim assures us, that, generally speaking, young and pretty women were sufficiently willing to indulge him with a glimpse of their charms; and that those who were most rigidly scrupulous as to the closeness of their veils, were the old and the ugly, to which class it should seem belongs in Turkey almost every woman turned of thirty.

That a detected lapse from chastity in the inhabitants of the harem, is almost always punished with death, our readers are probably aware; but it is not so generally known that women of inferior condition are equally liable to such a fate; and that it is, in fact, if we understand our Doctor aright, suspended over the heads of all females of equivocal character. In illustration of this subject, he gives us a curious anecdote that occurred at Janina, the capital of the late

notorious Ali Pasha, which is described as the most immoral portion of the Ottoman empire.

This proceeds from the sensuality of the tyrannical Ali Pasha, whose favour could only be obtained by gratifying his appetites. Accordingly, parents presented him with their children, husbands with their wives, brothers with their sisters. (And this in a country where even to ask a man after a wife or daughter is a gross violation of good manners!) The women thus offered had the name of Ali Pasha stamped upon their arms. Their relations enjoyed his immediate protection, and an exemption from the payment of all taxes whatsoever. When the Pasha was tired of the ladies, he married them to his favourites, and their husbands likewise enjoyed great privileges. Fifty or sixty years of such conduct could not but act injuriously upon the moral character of the inhabitants; accordingly at Janina the bonds of marriage are relaxed. • • •

When the head-quarters of the Grand Vizier were at Janina in the autumn of 1830, three women of doubtful reputation were one morning found murdered in their house. It was soon ascertained, that they had lived in intimacy with several individuals of the regular troops, and, having received visits from others belonging to the bitter enemies of these last, namely the irregular troops, had fallen victims to jealousy; for in Turkey the angry lover revenges himself not upon his rival, but upon the object of his love. The perpetrators of the deed could not, even by the free use of hunger and torture, be discovered. The exasperated Grand Vizier ordered all women of the same class to be collected and drowned, (probably thus to prevent their being murdered by their lovers). Four and twenty females, some of them perhaps altogether innocent, were thus collected, and shut up in a cloister to await the moment of execution.

The catastrophe however our Doctor happily succeeded in preventing, when the Grand Vizier had cooled.

We conclude with a few words touching opium-eaters, who are distinguished in Turkey by the nick-name of *Theriaki*, which seems to mean, lovers of excitement.

Opium-eaters, or Opiophagi, as our German, either classically or medically, designates them, usually begin with from half a grain to two grains, and gradually increase the dose to two drachms a day, and upwards. They swallow it in pills, but cannot drink with them, under penalty of a violent colic. Sometimes, to make it more palatable, it is mixed with various syrups, which lessen its intoxicating quality. It is then either eaten with a spoon, or dried into lozenges, and stamped with the words *Mash Allah* (the work of God).

The action of the opium appears in an hour or two, and lasts, according to the dose and the temperament of the individual, four, five, or six hours. The effect, in those who are accustomed to it, is a high degree of excited inspiration, (*Query*, trance?) described by the *Theriaki* as the most exquisite enjoyment. • • •

When two drachms fail to produce the desired delightful intoxication, corrosive sublimate, to the amount of ten grains, is mixed with the opium. • • •

A determined opium-eater is easily known. A wasted body, a sallow yellow skin, tremors of the limbs, a distorted spine, and dead, deep-sunk eyes, mark him out at first sight. He eats next to nothing; the powers of body and mind are gone. Nervous spasms follow, that opium cannot allay. Few that begin early reach their fortieth year.

Illustrations of the Botany and other branches of the Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains, and of the Flora of Cashmere. By J. Forbes Royle, Esq. 4to. Part I. London: Parbury & Co.

It is delightful to see how rapidly science is extending itself over India, and with what gigantic strides our knowledge of the Natural History of that splendid country is advancing. Indian officers are no longer contented with returning home enriched with Hindû and Malayan gold, but they bring what is far more precious in the eyes of the philosopher, great stores of knowledge connected with every department of scientific inquiry. It would almost seem, in fact, as if knowledge advanced as wealth receded; the necessary result of which must in time inevitably be the re-appearance of riches in a more permanent form than revenue extracted from the hoards of Indian princes.

Independently of all other circumstances, much of the merit of bringing about the desirable change to which we have thus alluded, is due to the munificence of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, who have of late years not only supported, in the most ample manner, all inquiries into the natural productions of the territories beneath their sway, but have shown themselves the true patrons of science by the princely aid they have granted their officers in the publication of the result of their investigations.

Among the branches of science to which attention has been hitherto paid in India, Botany stands pre-eminent: the works of Roxburgh, Colebrooke, Buchanan, and Wallich, are too well known to require to be more than alluded to; besides these, a Systematic Account of the Plants of the Peninsula is announced by Dr. Wight; another, upon those of Java, has long been preparing by Messrs. Horsfield and Brown; and we have now before us, though last far from the least, the very remarkable publication of Mr. Royle; a work, of which it is not too much to say, that it is indispensable to all who would acquire a knowledge of the vegetation, climate, and soil, of the north of India. The first part only of this work is yet before us, but if we are to judge of the remainder by such a specimen, it would be difficult for us to speak too highly of its merits.

The great defect of the botanical books on India is, that they consist too much of technical details, and too little of general views; they are better adapted to the student or the professed botanist than for the mass of the world who search for general information. This is by no means the case with the work before us; for the first part consists exclusively of a detailed but masterly view of the geographical distribution of the plants of the northern and adjoining provinces, and of the circumstances of climate which interfere with the general laws observed to prevail in other countries. This is a matter which is not only of scientific interest, but of great practical importance; for all calculations of the chances of success in the introduction of valuable plants from other climates must necessarily be formed upon a correct appreciation of the many conflicting influences produced by soil, or such secondary causes as great rivers, extensive forests, the vicinity of the Ocean, the direction and relative elevation of mountain ridges, or wide tracts of dry

and heated sandy wastes. Thus, about Delhi, the capital of northern India, none of the most typical forms of the Indian Flora, such as *Anonaceæ*, *Guttifera*, and *Strychnæ*, are found; on the contrary, owing "to the openness of the country, and exposure to winds which pass over extensive lakes in the vicinity, a greater degree of cold is produced in winter than we should otherwise expect." Accordingly, the vegetation is in many respects more of a northern character than either the latitude or the elevation of Delhi would have led us to expect. Nevertheless, "to show the effects of protection and culture, *Xanthochymus dulcis* may be adduced as a remarkable instance; this tree, which is found only in the southern parts of India, and which would not live in the more exposed climate of Saharunpore, exists as a larger tree in the garden of the King of Delhi; but here, surrounded by the numerous buildings within the lofty palace wall, in the midst of almost a forest of trees, with perpetual irrigation from a branch of the canal which flows through the garden, an artificial climate is produced, which enables a plant, even so sensitive of cold as one of the *Guttifera*, to flourish in the open air at Delhi, where it is highly prized, and reported to have milk thrown over its roots, as well as its fruit protected from plunder by a guard of soldiers."

It is such details as this which really give the distant stranger the means of judging correctly of the anomalies which he meets with unexplained in the works of those who do not look at nature with a philosophic eye.

We have not room for extracts; nor, if we were to give them, would they be very useful, without being extended to an inconvenient length. We shall, therefore, only add, that the work is illustrated with good coloured figures of plants, animals, and other objects of Natural History.

Stories of the Study. By John Galt, Esq. 3 vols. London: Cochrane & McCrone.

WHATEVER other merits Mr. Galt may have, he has assuredly the pen of a ready writer—he pours forth volume after volume, with a facility that is truly wonderful. The present work contains no less than fifteen tales; one of them, however, is far more important than the others, and occupies one half the whole work. It is called 'The Lutherans,' and is an attempt, we are informed, to exhibit by a story, the spirit of the Reformation in the Church, which prevailed about the period in which the incidents are laid (1520). The story is wanting in interest—it drags its slow length along, and we have a sort of episodic talking, with a division of the whole into fifty-nine chapters, as if for the sole purpose of deferring the conclusion. The characters, however, are naturally drawn, or rather sketched; and as many, and of some promise, come before us for no intelligible purpose, and depart "and make no sign," we cannot but believe that we have here the dramatic personæ of a work in which the author had intended more fully to develop his feelings. Some of the other tales are more in Mr. Galt's peculiar manner. 'The Dean of Guild' is an account of a worthy man who, during the Reform fever, travels to London, at the expense of the corporation, to see what was likely to be the issue, and

has interviews with the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, and Lord Brougham, in which his own simplicity is made laughably manifest. 'The Jaunt,' too, is an excellent idea, told with a great deal of quiet humour. 'The Greenwich Pensioner' is another very natural tale—from this we shall make our extracts.

"Long ago, when America belonged to England, and we had beat the French in all the four quarters of the globe, the Virgin trade was briskest in the Clyde; and my father, who was an English sailor, went to look for bread at a town called Greenock, in the west of Scotland, where he was told berths were plentiful, and sailors in request. * * * My father was a brave, rattling lad, and whenever he came home off a voyage, we had—that is, my mother and me—shining times of it; for he liked to make his glittering money fly, like the dust in a summer's day, saying blithely, when my mother thought him over spiritily, that it was more in the scattering than the gathering that right seamen made their valuations. She was a fair and gentle woman; and I thought, because she spoke the English, that she was surely come of something o'er the common; for the generality speak a horrible lingo in Greenock. However that may be, I forget now where we came from, and she died before I was four years old, so it is no wonder; but I cannot forget herself; she was, I think, the most of a lady I ever seed—so sweet and so pleasant! Sure am I, had she been acquainted with the queen, she would have been taken on for a maid of honour, or else have had her fortune made. But she died, and was buried in the west kirk-yard; I carried her head by the coffin string; for I was a little boy, and my father was on the sea.

"At night I missed her, for she lay aneath the yird, and would not come, though I grated sore, and said the burial bread they gied to pacify me was dreadful, and I wanted her to pre'e. But the young heart, though it may prove drowsy afterwards, stots up when cast down by the hand of misfortune. I soon forgot my kind and loving parent, nor did I see my fine, merry father any more; for the ship he was in was lost, in the hame-coming, in the Bay of Glencelue, and he, with the captain and another man were plucked from the boom by a billow, and carried away by the wave.

"Thus it came to pass that I was bequeathed an orphan to the christianity of the neighbours; and old Janet, as the widow was called, took me for an amous, saying often, though she was a bare woman, that 'He who took the pains to make the creature would surely provide for it;' adding, 'the rich might buy braw cleeding, but the poor had of Nature the comfort of the warm heart.

"Being thus taken ben by Janet, who had but her wheel for a bread-winner, and the kirk session for her almshouse, I became to her, as she often said, as she kissed me in the gloaming, when it grew ower dark to spin, the sugar in her cracket cup of life, 'which the Lord had ben pleased to mask wersh, wersh and thin!'

"When I was grown up from a bairn to a callan, I was sent to a school, for which grannie, as by this time I had learnt to call old Janet, paid a penny a week to the master;—I mind the rate well, because not being used to hain for the cost, she had only a halfpenny, and I was sent to borrow another from the neighbours; but they had none to lend, the hearing of which made her, with the tear in her eye, go to the family below, and tell her stress. When she got the penny made up, she brought it to me to take, saying 'what would come of the poor, if there was na a Lord in the heavens!' However, with an ettle and a thole, she brought me up, and in course of nature got me made a cabin-boy, with Captain Crostrees, in the tobacco trade; and her house was my home till she

died in the winter after, and left me alone in the world, with a Bible, which was in the session roup spared for a residue; indeed, they would have rought even that, but she was in the way of calling it Billy's book, which made a neighbour woman tell the unctioneer that it was all my heritage.

"It is a heartsome thing for a friendless orphan to be a sailor-boy; for if he behave himself he makes friends of all on board."

Here he learned navigation, and was taught to take observations, and became an active, clever seaman. On their return home a press-gang came on board, and he volunteered to serve to save another, "who was no a year married, and was very vogie with the thought of seeing his young wife."

"Being taken to the Savage at the tail of the bank, we were not long on board till soon it was known, fore and aft in the sloop of war, how I had entered without the bounty: all the officers came and spoke to me; even the captain, when he came off to dinner, was told the whole tot of the story, and he made me on that very day the captain of the fore-top, which gave the men under me great contentation, for all the crew were well pleased to hear how I had come to save Robin, and for nothing."

"That was my first step of promotion, and every one told me that I must get on, for I was then a steady and a tight lad, and having both my arms, was willing, brisk, and handy. * * *

"Some few days after this fracas, the Savage sailed with all the pressed men, to man the king's ships at Plymouth, and of course I went with her, being the captain of the fore-top. * *

"At the time that the Ajax was ready for sea, signs of war were very heartening, and it was said that the Queen of France had sent our King's wife a diamond stomacher, which, as the French are well known all the world over for having false hearts, was to every sailor in the Ajax a sure proof that a war would soon ensue; so with this hope we put to sea, but it was all to no purpose—we sailed up and down like a fish in the water, and met with nothing so warlike as a drove of pellocks that were tumbling, like wull-cats, heads over heels in the sunny calm of a blessed evening in June."

"At this time I made a reflection, saying to myself, that unless a man had the good luck to be placed in a jeopardy, it could never be known how he would stand it; so I put down the sedition of my thoughts, and would have been content with my mediocrity; but I was never rated on the books of Fate to be an admiral, or ordained to taste such a beverage as glory."

"One day, when I was holding on by a sheet, a marlin-spike from aloft fell, and the thick end happening to be downwards—in other words, head foremost—it struck my left arm just at the elbow, and smashed the bone, so that the doctor was obliged to saw it off to save dear life, by which, while it was healing, I lost some of the bravery of my thoughts; and now and then, when in the fog, I had no fair-weather fancies in thinking how it had pleased Providence to cast me away on the shores of sin and misery; but still I called to mind how he is for all, that the King had built Greenwich for sailors, though I thought myself too young for a berth there."

"My messmates, seeing me not so hearty sometimes when I looked at my stump, made me think cheerily, by telling of officers they knew who had lost a fin as well as me, and yet would serve the king like men, and never lost their promotion, saying, that in course of nature, while a sailor did his duty, it was not in the power of the first lord to prevent it, far less the secretary. Thus, as the putation was healing, I got into the trades of the mind; and, although

no longer on the ship's books as an able-bodied, having carried away the larboard arm, there was not one in the crew that knew me who did not say he would help me to make up the detriment to the king, so that the loss of my arm should not be missed in the service—for true sailors are right men, and not much sin grows on oak plank. To be sure, in their rigs, they are sometimes very troublesome to Providence, and obligate to look out sharp after them, being as thoughtless as small children."

"Thus it came to pass, I staid in the Ajax, and was as handy as a Jack could be who has got a mutilation. When I got well, and was used to one hand, I grew again into comfort, and could beat to windward, and thought so to weather cape Fortune, that I was not downhearted."

"At last the mounsheers, then, showed their colours, which was what every king's-man long expected; for, being on sea, sailors have a better notion of politicals about ships, than the land-crabs, for all their jabber, which is the reason why we have no need of newspapers to keep us right in the fleet."

"We were in Portsmouth, snug hauled, when the orders came to put to sea, with leave to grab the French. My eye, such a to-do! Every man had a balloon heart and was an admiral of the red. The very rigging glowed in the grip, and the ship was as playful as a sucking puppy whose brothers and sisters are with Davy Jones. In less than no time we stood out to sea, the wind right aft—every stitch big-bellied, but not enough for the impatient Ajax."

"We bore straight away for Ushant, and had not reached sight of the French land when we saw a black thief of a lugger coming, cowering and skulking along shore. As it was not worth the Ajax's while to step aside, we lowered and manned the launch to take possession; and the officer in command, seeing my mouth watering to go, gave me encouragement, and I was allowed."

"Cheerily we rowed, but the enemy was good stuff, and as saucy as a well-gear'd wench on the Point. She fired—but we, seeing she would be ours, rowed right on, taking no notice. She fired again—I felt something, and there lay my right-hand in the bottom of the boat grasping a cutlass. It was the last shot, and I was handless:—it was God's pleasure, and I was not consulted—but there lay the fin, and my trowsers were bloody."

"As the lugger struck immediately after, I was not left long to rue the damage; but being a young man, I could only wish, when I thought of the mortification, that it had been my head instead of my arm; for I don't see the use of keeping men alive who require another to stow away their prog. Howsoever, to belay the tale, I was carried back to the Ajax, and I saw no more the cock-hat a-head that had been so long the light-house of my dreams."

"When I was hoisted on board, I did not think so many in the ship knew me—even the captain came to see me, but he could not light the doused hope again, though he told me of Greenwich, and that a berth was ready for me there. I wished at the time he had not so tried to cheer me; for I had not till then thought it could be no longer doubted I was born to be a hulk."

"But though for a time, and while the ship was at sea, I looked with a hearty face at calamity, yet, being weak with the loss of blood, I often lay in the dark in my hammock, wondering, with watery eyes, for what purpose I had been made, thinking of old kind grannie, that used to call me admiral; but she sleeps sound in the west kirk-yard—and there was mercy in that thought, for she could not see my handless arms."

"By-and-by, when our cruize was over, we

came again to anchor at Spithead. The next day it was ordered to take me on shore, and as I was sitting with a cold heart on the fore-castle unable to work—for both my hands were away—all the beautiful morning of life shone like a vision before me, and I thought how magnificently the mighty Ajax sailed in quest of victory. In the triumph of the dream, I forgot that my left-arm was then disabled, and I sternly grasped the cutlass that I thought was in my right; but a stun shot to my heart—the hand and the cutlass was for ever gone! It was like a Molly to be so womanish, though I could not help it, and feeling my cheek grow wet, I lifted my arm to wipe it, but the stump was too short, and I could only let the sorrow faster flow."

"When the hour came that I was to be handed into the boat—for I could do nothing myself—I felt, though I was so helpless, my heart grow proud and warm, and I bade my messmates good-by as gay as a lark—but I had on a fause face; and when one of them, in heedless regard, held out his hand to shake mine, I could but look in his face—and turn away my head."

"At last the boat was ready—the coffin is not lowered into the grave with more sadness than I was into the boat; and I heard a stranger officer who was there say to the captain, 'Poor fellow!—it was not for this he came for Buntin!' I looked up, and saw it was the midshipman that pressed our men off the Point of Toward, and was so prime with his prize when he took me to the Savage. But grieving's a folly, and the song of 'Poor Jack' being then new, I tried to sing it as we rowed towards the shore."

"As it is melancholious, however, to think of these things, I will say no more of them, but mention that, in due time, I was landed at this place long ago, when I was but two-and-twenty; and I am now a grey-haired old man, who is obliged to ask a messmate to open to him his Bible, till death, that is slow of coming; but when it comes, I'll be ta'en away and not missed, for I am but a cumber of the ground, and often sin in saying to myself, that it was not right of Providence to give me such a forward heart, and so untimely, for so little purpose."

The other tales are of various merit. As the winter is now coming on apace, we hope the work may be welcome to many a fireside.

Letters from Switzerland and Italy, during a late Tour. By the Author of 'Letters from the East,' &c. London: Bentley.

Reise durch das obere und mitlere Italien, von dem Grafen M. von Moltke. [A Journey through Upper and Central Italy. By Count M. von Moltke.] Hamburg: Perthes & Besser; London, Rich.

Impressions de Voyage par Alexandre Dumas. Paris: Guyot; London, Baillière.

No turnpike road in England can be better known than the ordinary routes of tourists through Switzerland and Italy. We have before said, and we feel it is strictly true, that the English reading public are more familiar with the lakes of Constance and Geneva, than with those of Keswick and Killarney, and with Lausanne, Milan, and Florence, than York or Harrogate; and yet, strange as it must appear, here are three gentlemen, from three several nations, who flatter themselves they can beguile the way of all its weariness, if any one will but consent to journey with them once again. For the readers of the *Athenæum*, we positively decline—but, having done our own melancholy duty, we may offer a brief opinion of the several merits of the writers.

Mr. Carne is an amiable traveller—staid and sentimental; his style is like a rail-road, it neither rises nor sinks, but keeps "the even tenor of its way;" he prattles on with good gentlemanly matter-of-course observations, that never disturb the mind by awakening thought, nor agitate the heart by arousing passion. His amiability, however, sometimes borders on weakness, his sameness becomes tiresome, and his measured phrases a little prosy.

The Count starts honestly, by assuring the reader, "that he who seeks novelty in his pages, will be disappointed;" to be sure he will. We may, however, add, that future travellers will find in his volume some excellent advice touching the inns to be sought as comfortable, and those to be avoided as wretched and exorbitant.

Alexandre Dumas is exactly the reverse of Mr. Carne: he is a romanticist of the wildest school; he seems to care little what he says, or how he says it: at one moment his conversation is inspired with the deepest thought and feeling, in the next, it is broad farce; no subject comes amiss to him—a theory of the earth may be followed by a description of a lady's bonnet, and a lament over Napoleon, by directions for trout-fishing; touch on a point of history, he overwhelms you with quotations from ponderous chronicles, and before you have time to think on what has been said, he is deep in the discussion of modern politics. This does not exactly chime in with the humour of us sober Englishmen; besides, the weather is too gloomy just now for his tragic tales, and learning of all kinds, historical, scientific, and political, we have in abundance from other quarters: to some of his amusing anecdotes, therefore, we shall confine ourselves, for a laugh is at all times welcome.

Dumas visited Lyons on his road to Switzerland, he found the whole city engaged in the controversy of literature *versus* commerce; some of the young people in that French Manchester, having been visited by the sprightly demon, who, as Pope says—

Whispered, "Timon, have a taste."

But the old manufacturers were resolved to resist an innovation, of which they could neither discover the cause nor understand the tendency, and their first efforts in the art of criticism—criticism in our day having ever the precedence of literature—are worthy of being recorded:—

Antony was acted before a numerous audience, and as has sometimes happened, in the midst of fierce opposition. A merchant and his daughter were in a front box, and near them one of the young Lyonesse authors I have mentioned. The father, who had at first appeared to take a lively interest in the piece, manifestly cooled after the scene between Antony and the mistress of the inn; the daughter, on the contrary, felt, from this moment, increasing emotion, and at the last act burst into tears. When the curtain fell, the father, who had given visible signs of impatience during the last two acts, said, "Bless me, what a foolish girl you are, to let yourself be affected by such stuff."

"Ah! papa," said the poor child in confusion, "forgive me, I know that it is very ridiculous."

"Yes, ridiculous; that's the very word. For my part, I cannot conceive how anybody could take an interest in such monstrous improbabilities."

"Good Heavens! papa; why it is exactly because I find it all so perfectly true."

"True! Have you paid any attention to the plot?"

"I have not lost an incident."

"Good. In the third act then, Antony buys a post-chaise. Is it not so?"

"Yes; I remember it."

"And pays ready money for it."

"I remember it."

"Very well; he never took a receipt for it."

From Lyons we pass to Geneva, the toy-shop of Europe, and the plague of the French custom-house officers, for the smuggling of jewellery is there brought to a system that even Argus would be unable to detect—and yet the officers are vigilant, as we know by experience, having had our carriage literally ransacked three times in one day, and been charged for the minutest trifle, even down to a pound of Bologna sausage.

When the Count de St. Cricq was director-general of the customs, he heard so often of this dexterity, thanks to which, the vigilance of his agents was continually baffled, that he resolved to assure himself personally of the truth of what was reported. He went in consequence to Geneva, presented himself at the warehouse of M. Beautte, bought jewellery to the amount of thirty thousand francs, on condition that it should be sent free of duty to his hotel in Paris. M. Beautte accepted the conditions like a man accustomed to such bargains; he only presented the purchaser with a kind of private bond, by which he bound himself to pay five per cent. for insurance. The Count smiled, took a pen and signed *De St. Cricq, Director-General of the French Customs*; he then returned the paper to M. Beautte, who just glanced at the signature and said, "Monsieur Director of the Customs, the articles you have done me the honour of purchasing, shall be in Paris as soon as yourself."

The Count, taking this as a fair challenge, scarce gave himself time to eat his dinner, sent to order post-horses, and was on his road homewards, within an hour or two after concluding the bargain.

As he passed the frontier, the Count made himself known to the officers, told them of the purchase, recommended the most active vigilance along the entire line, and promised a reward of thirty *louis-d'or* to the officer who should seize the prohibited goods. Not an officer slept for the next three days.

During this time M. de St. Cricq reaches home, enters the house, embraces his wife and children, and then goes up to his room to change his travelling dress; the first object that attracts his attention is a beautiful box, of an unrecognized appearance, lying on the chimney-piece. He goes to it, and reads on a silver plate inserted in the lid, "To M. the Count de St. Cricq, Director-General of the Customs;" he opens it and finds the jewellery he had purchased at Geneva.

Beautte had, it appeared, a secret understanding with the waiters of the inn, who, while aiding the Count's servants to pack his baggage, had slipped in the prohibited box. When they reached Paris, the Count's *valet de chambre*, seeing the beauty of the casket and the peculiarity of the direction, had placed it on the mantel-piece of his master's apartment.

At Martigny, our traveller wins the heart of his host by a display of learning respecting the antiquities of that little town, which was perfectly overwhelming. The delighted host promises that he shall have for dinner, a delicacy beyond parallel, a bear-steak, or as M. Dumas calls it, "*un beefsteak d'ours*." The traveller returns after visiting a neigh-

bouring castle, finds the *table d'hôte* full, but perceives a private table laid for himself. The promised steak arrives; he tastes a morsel, and thinks it delicious, the second is still better, after the third he is ready to swear that no flesh could be compared with that of bear's. The rest of the story he shall tell himself:—

Three-fourths of the dish had disappeared, when my host returned and resumed the conversation. "That animal you are engaged with, was a famous beast."—I replied by a nod.—"Weighing three hundred and twenty."—"A good weight," I answered, without losing a single bite. "He was not taken without some trouble, I assure you."—"I can easily believe that," said I, taking the last piece into my mouth. "The fellow eat half of the hunter that killed him!"—"Devil take you," said I, "to joke in that way with one who has just dined off him."—"I assure you, I do not joke in the least; what I tell you is true."

Whereupon the host gives a very graphic account of the bear hunt, so very interesting, that, long before its conclusion, the circumstances of the dinner are forgotten.

Mont Blanc is a subject so completely hackneyed, that we shall pass lightly over Dumas's visit to that locality; there is some truth in the covert satire of the following dialogue:—

"Now," said the guide, "do you wish to visit the Garden?"—"What is the Garden?"—"It is a little tongue of verdant soil, triangularly shaped, situated in the north of the glacier of Taléfre, and forming the lowest part of those pointed summits called the Red Pinnacles. Do you see them below?"

"Yes, very well; and what are we to do there?"

"Nothing in the world."

"Why go there then?"

"Merely to say that one has been there; that's all."

"Well, my friend, I will not say it, and there's an end of the matter."

While viewing *la mer de glace*, Dumas was attacked with sudden giddiness; he caught hold of the guide's arm, and said, "Let us leave this place."

Payot looked at me: "You really appear very pale," he said.

"I do not feel at all well."

"What's the matter with you then?"

"I am sea-sick." Payot burst out laughing, I could not refrain from following his example. "Come," said he, "you cannot be very bad when you laugh: drink a sup, and that will set you right."

The scenes in the Monastery of St. Bernard are less to our taste than any part of the volume. There is too violent a contrast between the Parisian *belles* dancing the galopade, and the ghastly relics of mortality in the charnel-house of the monastery; the attempt to unite both subjects in one picture, produces an effect very painful, and even disgusting.

It would be an easy task to enumerate ten thousand sins against good taste, and even proper feeling, according to our English notions, committed by Dumas, and it would be just as difficult to find either crime in the sober propriety of Mr. Carne; but somehow or other, we vastly prefer the Frenchman: your good sort of people are very tiresome: it is a great fault not to have a fault.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Bard of the Sea-Kings, with other Poems,*' by E. L. Montagu.—Against the utterers of magnificent nothings, we have zealously set our face, but we have never been slow to recognize and welcome all who had the right material in them. We are not, in fact, among those who take the music of verse for its inspiration, or the language of poetry for the warmth and ecstasy of the muse. We are great admirers of simplicity of style, of natural sentiments, and whatever is modest and unaffected, and, therefore, though we cannot praise these poems very highly, we have been well pleased with them. They are evidence of right feeling and refined taste; there is nothing gaudy and meretricious about them, which is the prevailing error of young poetesses. Some of the minor poems, indeed, deserve still higher praise, and, that we may not leave all to assertion, we will quote two stanzas from 'The Maiden's Dream.'

There came a voice unto mine hour of sleep,
A sweet and solemn voice, like those gone by,
Whose faintest music in our souls we keep,
Albeit they wake no echo but a sigh;
And I did feel a gentle spirit lie
Upon my heart—where grief and woe were not;
And soft kind glances met my traced eye,
As press'd again my foot the well-known spot
Through many a year untrod, yet ne'er to be forgot.

There flow'd the waters of the glorious river,
The silver stream, by willows green o'erhung,—
The joyous stream that wanders on for ever
Since first its ripple to the daylight sung,
Or tun'd the reeds that to its sides had clung!
Softly along my native banks did come
A welcome step, those wild-wood paths among;
And mine were planted there—no more to roam,
For in the bowers of old I made myself a home.

'*Saint Monday, a Poem,*' by the Author of *The Mechanic's Saturday Night*.—The sound of nature is here. The poet has attuned his verse to the sharpening of saws and the clanking of hammers, and assuredly cares little for offending the ear of the muse. He sometimes, however, slides into a careless and rude sort of harmony—nor is he wanting in rough pictures of human life.

The sabbath's past, the bells around are chiming
St. Monday morning's welcome far and wide;
The sun the azure arch of heav'n is climbing,
The dim mechanics to their labour glide.
All nature smiles, but the poor artisan;
Alas! he smiles not, but looks pale and blank,
Subdu'd, and spiritless, and less than man,
For poverty, and labour's dungeon dank
Have vanquish'd in his soul all sense of manhood's rank.

Now thronging from all quarters round about,
Mechanics come, their little songs they sing,
Scantly clad, and tremblingly turn out they,
As "errand boys," for errand boy's poor pay.
The wife too, she must chiding go; and worse
Than all, her little infant must be left
To scramble 'mong the ashes, of its nurse
And its sweet milk, for many hours bereft:
Oh! then with mother's woe the mother's heart is cleft.

Through garret, shed, and subterranean den,
Hoarse sounds of enginy now deeply boom,
The welkin too is fill'd with "hum of men"
And sounds of hammer, anvil, forge and loom.
The iron's welded, and the wedge is driven;
With hungry speed the rattling shuttle flies;
The metal's melted, and the timber riven;
And labour with his pow'rs herculean plies,
And savagely his strength on brute and human tries.
Hark! hark! the factory bells to breakfast ring;
O, 'tis a welcome and enlivening peal:
Aside their heavy tools the workmen fling,
And leisurely await the coming meal:
They wait not long, for, see! the household crumb
The careful wife brings, and the congon this;
And then for fathers, brothers, trudging come,
The little children with their pots of tin,
And a tin case to keep the toast-and-butter in.

On this eventful day the 'prentice is let loose;
The steadiest workmen are not expected to attend
to work, and the pale mechanics wander out to
seek pleasures where they may be found. We
have praised worse verses than the following
—the picture they contain is a true one.

Behold! without the Cat and Bagpipes waiting,
A little girl of neat and modest dress,
Slowly she paces, the dull moments doting,
As if she look'd for one among the press,
Who had not kept his time with her;—but, see!

Her eyes, her looks, are fill'd with sudden light:
She spies the Youth for whom she waits, and he
Beholds the lass he loves, and, at the sight,
Toward her hastens on with love's demeanor bright.
He was a 'prentice youth of lowly home,
And she a humble tradesman's child, and they
Had made appointment here to meet and roam,
And taste the sweetness of a holiday.
To see St. Paul's Cathedral, and the tomb
Where NELSON in his Marble cabin dwells,
To mount the airy summit of the dome;
And see the play at night at *Sadler's Wells*,
And all the wonders there, the wondrous hand-bill tells.
And now advancing, see! a chosen band,
In thoughtful and congenial knot they huddle,
And wander through the City and the Strand,
To enjoy the pleasure of a "pictures fuddle"
A picture shop they gain,—now closely note
How each unto the glass his visage brings,
O'er *Wilkie's* graceful household stuff they gloat,
And mighty *Martin's* high imaginings,
And admiration then goes round in whisp'rings.

'*The Martyr's Triumph, Buried Valley, and other Poems,*' by Grenville Mellen'.—There is the language of the muse, and some of the feeling also, in the verses of this American poet: but the stanza of Spenser requires corresponding rhymes in the fourth and fifth lines, and most of its melody is lost by any change, however much it may suit the convenience and ease of the poet.

'*British and Roman Remains near Axminster,*'—What the author had to say has been told briefly: he describes what he has examined clearly and explicitly: he indulges in no antiquarian speculations, and has no desire to make mole-hills into military stations, or sheep-walks into Roman ways. He advises all those who wish to look out for antiquities, not to go when earth is in her summer dress, but when winter has made the fields bare and frost is on the ground. The outlines of old camps may then, he says, be traced, ditches discovered, and ways and stations seen. We recommend this little book to all antiquarians. The writer, Mr. James Davidson, seems a modest, well informed man.

'*Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington.*'—These Conversations appeared originally in the *New Monthly*, and were universally acknowledged to be delightful. There is a grace and ease in the style, which it seems hopeless for men to attempt. Their republication in a volume cannot fail to be most welcome.

'*Polish Tales,*' by the Authoress of *Hungarian Tales*.—We very cordially welcome a second edition of this clever work. Its merit is in the many natural pictures it contains of domestic life among the heroic and suffering people of Poland. Here we are introduced to their homes, and their fire-side; we become their associates, for better for worse; their hopes are our hopes, and with their sorrows we are made deeply to sympathize. Mrs. Gore is, we believe, now in France: we trust she has not laid aside her note-book: a volume or two of sketches of society from her clever pen would certainly be acceptable to the public.

'*A Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews,*' by the Rev. M. Stuart, edited by Dr. Henderson'.—This is a production of great learning and inquiry. The Epistle to the Hebrews abounds in points which closely refer to important passages in the Old, and to primary doctrines in the New Testament. To illustrate those, profound biblical knowledge is required, and the work of Professor Stuart ought to be on the list of books consulted by every deep investigator of scriptural exposition.

'*Hulsean Lectures for the Year 1832—Principles for the proper Understanding of the Mosaic Writings,*' by the Rev. J. J. Blunt'.—We remember that it was a favourite remark with a late Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, that he trusted some rising Theologian would carry the line of argument adopted by Paley, in his 'Horæ Paulinæ,' into other provinces of christian evidence. It was a matter of satisfaction to us, to find so able a writer as

Mr. Blunt acting in conformity with this suggestion; his work on the veracity of the five Books of Moses, is a valuable addition to the great body of argument on the side of revelation; and the volume now before us may be read with profit by every candid inquirer into the doctrines of Scripture, as well as the evidence on which they rest. No one who has doubts in his mind, should leave Mr. Blunt's writings unperused.

'*The Book of Science.*'—This work is equally delightful and valuable; it contains an able summary of the leading principles of the sciences, and of their most important practical applications. Few will give the writer the credit he merits for originality of thought both in design and execution; we are, therefore, the more anxious to bestow our praise on the excellence of his arrangement, the accuracy of his explanations, and, what is more valuable, the simplicity of his style. The treatises on Acoustics and Harmonics deserve to be particularly mentioned as examples of the skill with which abstruse science has been made interesting to those whom the Greek name might have terrified, and intelligible to persons whose mathematical education has been neglected. The book has one fault, or rather deficiency: it wants what is technically called "a taking title." Messrs. Chapman & Hall have yet to learn the importance of a name,—a matter, we should have supposed, by this time, familiar to all publishers. We propose to re-baptize it "*The Boy's Book of Science*," and, in our quality of sponsors, we recommend all who wish to bestow on their young friends a *cadeau*, uniting great utility with endless amusement, to present them with this work. The author announces a second volume; we beg leave to recommend a third to his attention: a preliminary volume containing the outlines of scientific arithmetic, the first elements of geometry and trigonometry, the leading theorems respecting the measurement of heights and distances, and the best practical rules for making maps of limited localities. It would be amusement to a boy to measure the height of his church steeple, or to draw a map of his own street or village; and it would be one of the best modes of leading him to cultivate science.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

WHAT makes a happy wedlock? What has fate
Not given to thee in thy well-chosen mate?
Good sense—good humour;—these are trivial
things,

Dear M.—, that each trite encomiast sings.
But she hath these, and more. A mind exempt
From every low-bred passion, where contempt,
Nor envy, nor detraction, ever found
A harbour yet; an understanding sound;
Just views of right and wrong; perception full
Of the deform'd, and of the beautiful,
In life and manners; wit above her sex,
Which, as a gem, her sprightly converse decks;
Exuberant fancies, prodigal of mirth,
To gladden woodland walk, or winter hearth;
A noble nature, conqueror in the strife
Of conflict with a hard discouraging life,
Strengthening the veins of virtue, past the power
Of those whose days have been one silken hour,
Spoil'd fortune's pamper'd offspring; a keen sense
Alike of benefit, and of offence,
With reconciliation quick, that instant springs
From the charged heart with nimble angel
wings;

While grateful feelings, like a signet sign'd
By a strong hand, seem burnt into his mind.
If these, dear friend, a dowry can confer
Richer than land, thou hast them all in her;
And beauty, which some hold the chiefest boon,
Is in thy bargain for a make-weight thrown.

C. LAMB.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY AND KING'S COLLEGE.

[The following letter has been received from one who is entitled to speak with authority. We shall be most happy to publish any brief statement in explanation. We heartily wish well to both establishments; and are thoroughly convinced that they will find abundant patronage, so soon as the public mind is awakened to a full sense of the advantages they hold out. The Proprietary Schools are the nurseries for these Universities, and their influence will shortly be felt.]

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—In Mr. E. L. Bulwer's book on 'England and the English,' he has inserted a note (Vol. I. p. 290, second edition), wherein he states the number of Students entered, in April 1833, at King's College, thus:

Regular students	109
Occasional ditto in Science and Literature,	190
Regular Medical Students	77
Occasional ditto ditto	233
Total	615

Those at the University of London, in February 1833, he states thus:—

Students in Arts and Law	148
Ditto in Medicine	283
Total	431

As I am personally interested in the University, and as I know that the number of attending Medical Students in that establishment nearly trebled those of King's College at the time referred to, I have taken some pains to ascertain how Mr. Bulwer could have been led into this error, and I find that the printed Reports of the two Establishments are his authority; and it has been suggested to me, either that the "occasional medical students" of King's College are old perpetual pupils of the Professors of that Establishment, many of which pupils never entered its walls, and, for all the Professors know, may have long been dead; or that they are persons whom curiosity, from time to time, attracts to attend one or two lectures.

This opinion is corroborated by an examination of the financial statements of the two Institutions: for it appears that the average payment of the 615 students of King's College, is only 4*l.*—a sum insufficient to obtain admission to any of the classes which last during the whole session; whereas the average payment of the 431 students of the University is 10*l.*

As I was anxious myself to observe the numbers in the Medical Classes at the University and King's College, I visited the Class-rooms of both on consecutive days in the fourth week of the Session. At King's College, the heads, by a singular obstinacy of exaggeration, which upon this subject seems to prevail about that Institution, proudly told me that they had 1000 students. I found the number of students, however, attending, to be as follows:—

CLASS.	KING'S COLL.	UNIVERSITY.
Anatomy	60	224
Demonstrations	62	213
Chemistry	62	171
Midwifery	49	92
Medical Jurisprudence	45	38

The whole number of Medical Students attending Chapel at King's College, was 25. The number of Students of King's College entered at Apothecaries' Hall, is not half the number of those entered from the University.

The general classes are, I fear, much the same in both places: in each, the students somewhat exceed 100; and I am grieved to learn, that, notwithstanding the high reputation of the Professors of Natural Philosophy at both places, at King's College, very recently no students had entered for the whole academical course of that science; and at the University only 30 had entered.

Mr. Bulwer is right in saying, that the Junior Schools in both Institutions are quite successful. In King's College, the boys attending the school are said to exceed 300; in the University, 260. I find that he somewhat understates the cost of education to the public at the Junior School of King's College: the following comparison may be relied on:—

	KING'S COLL.	UNIVERSITY.
Entrance Fee	£1 1	None.
Sessional Fee	15 15	£15.
Non-nomination Fee, 3 3	None.	
Drawing	4 4	{ Taught without extra charge.
German	4 4	{ Ditto ditto.
Stationery	1 1	£0 10 6
Total	£29 8	£15 10 6

Thus, we may take the number of persons actually attending at the two Institutions, to be as follows; and a most unfavourable idea this summary gives us of the desire of instruction among the people of this metropolis:—

	KING'S COLL.	UNIVERSITY.
Medical School	90	314
General School	110	110
Junior School	300	260
Total	500	684

I have taken the liberty of addressing this statement to you, because it is fair that the truth should be known concerning the relative success of these two Institutions; and as you have, on the one hand, not shrunk from censuring the method of management formerly adopted in the University, you will, I am sure, on the other hand, not refuse to correct a misstatement calculated to cast a shade on that Institution. A. B.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

By a note now before us, we see with sorrow, that a self-taught and very able man, Edward Milligan, is dead. When we tell our learned readers that he was the editor of the last and best edition of 'Celsus,' they will know how to estimate his loss: and, when we add, that twelve years ago he was a country shoemaker, and made shoes for the peasantry of the Scottish dales, they will feel that he could be no common person. Like Gifford and Bloomfield, he grew weary of the last and the awl; he then went to Edinburgh, attended the College, became an instructor in his turn, amassed some property, and was distinguished among the learned and the polite. When last in London, we had the pleasure of his company: he was lively and entertaining, and, like most of his countrymen, knew a vast deal more than what belonged to his immediate duties. He was a native of the parish of Kirkbean, on the Solway Firth; and died in the fiftieth year of his age.—The eldest of all our Royal Academicians, Reinagle, is also dead. His place must, of course, be filled from the Associates, a numerous band, containing men of high merit. We shall look anxiously to the election—the Academy has long shown a lamentable preference for dull mediocrity—but public attention has been awakened to their proceedings, and we entreat of them to lay aside all private friendships, and to disregard all personal solicitation, and to satisfy the country that they have some feeling for art, and some respect for public opinion.

The fourth Hamburg Exhibition of the Fine Arts took place this year, and was enriched with pictures sent not only by German artists from all parts of the world, but by Dutch and English artists. Many of these pictures are said to have possessed considerable merit, but the 'Tableaux de Genre,' to have been decidedly the best.

Mr. St. John is preparing for immediate publication, a work entitled, 'Egypt and Mohammed Ali.' His principal object, we are informed, is "to make known the personal character and habits of the Pasha, his conduct during the recent war with the Sultan, and the effects of his extraordinary system of government upon the country and people. The communication of original documents, has enabled Mr. St. John to introduce into his work a concise but authentic History of the Syrian Campaign; an account of the colleges, schools, manufactories, &c. which have been established in Egypt; and numerous anecdotes characteristic of the distinguished individual who now governs that country."

The posthumous work of the late Mr. Andrew Picken, entitled 'The Black Watch,' which we mentioned in our last paper, has been purchased by Mr. Bentley; and will be published, we are told, about the end of the present month.

Germany has long had a species of novel peculiar to itself, denominated the *Kunst Roman*, or Novel of Art, in which the main interest lies in the delineation of the various feelings of an artist, in first devoting himself to art, in his subsequent studies, in his ultimate hopes and his endeavours. But F. L. Bühlren has devised a new variety of this species, in his 'Enthusiast,' which is said to be wholly dedicated to portraying the feelings, the passions, the hopes and the fears of a collector of pictures.

Our own Marlow—Kit Marlow, as Walton

calls him—first, and the powerful Goethe since, have, as most readers know, dramatized the story of The Devil and Dr. Faustus; but it was reserved for the present day, to see it advanced to epic honours! A German writer of some talent in the historic novel line, of the name of Ludwig Bechstein, has performed this strange feat.

We have been favoured with the following extract of a letter from Mr. Edward Ruppell, the enterprising African traveller, dated—

"Gondar, Abyssinia, February 6th, 1833.

"During my stay on the coast of the Red Sea, I wrote to you from time to time some letters, giving you notice of several new genera of animals I found proper to establish. Probably these letters reached you in due time, but I was not so happy with getting replies from you, for the last letter I got from you was written about twenty months ago. Within the last ten months I have penetrated into Abyssinia, and I am now so far as Gondar, making, during the journey, as many scientific researches as the unhappy political state of the country permitted. Being absolutely deprived of all books on Natural History, I cannot at present determine what genera that are unknown to me are really new or not. Probably there will be several among my collections, of which I will give you notice as soon as I reach the sea-coast, which may be in about six months, for the daily increasing turbulent state of this country does not make it advisable to stay here longer."

We understand that the students of the Royal Academy, who have hitherto hardly formed a class among artists, have determined to associate themselves as a body, in order to keep up an intercourse with each other, and among other professors of the Arts. With this view, they purpose to hold meetings, and to have an annual dinner, to which the members of the Royal Academy are to be invited. The first of these meetings is to take place at Freemason's Tavern on Wednesday, Dec. 11, being the day after the Anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, and of the distribution of medals to the successful candidates. Mr. George Clint, A.R.A. is to preside on this occasion.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Anniversary Meeting, Nov. 30.—The members assembled, as usual on the anniversaries, at eleven o'clock, A.M. The chair was taken by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, the President. It appeared, that, during the last year, the receipts amounted to 4961*l.* 11*s.* 9*d.*, and the expenditure to 4418*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*, leaving a balance of 543*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*; it was added, that no arrears were due to the Society.

The present number of members is 753, of whom ten are royal, 46 foreign, and 697 home members. The regular business having been completed, the President delivered his annual address.

He began by stating that this was the third anniversary since his election to the chair, and that while every year increased his grateful sense of the high honour that had been conferred on him, the expression of his thanks was rendered more difficult. He had directed his attention to the medals placed at the disposal of the Society by His late Majesty George IV. They were of fifty guineas value, and were to be bestowed annually, by the President and Council, on the person who had made the most important discovery in science, or conducted the most useful series of investigations within the year. The limitation of time was found to have an injurious effect, and it was resolved, that, after the year 1830, the period within which competition might be open should be extended. He then examined the objections

usually made against giving honorary rewards to men of science; and showed that they were founded on partial rather than false views of the world. He detailed the causes that had delayed the formation of dies for the medals, and described those which have been recently made; for the medals granted before 1830, the bust of George IV. on the obverse; for those since that period, the bust of William IV.: on the reverse of both, the statue of Sir Isaac Newton. His Royal Highness alluded to the reproach made to this country by continental nations, that no one in England can venture to follow science as a profession. Without entering into any investigation of the political causes of this evil, if it be an evil, or suggesting any remedy, he expressed his gratitude as a loyal subject, and his just pride as a brother, for the patronage afforded to science by the late King, and by our present Sovereign.

Ten medals had been adjudged previous to the year 1830; the persons to whom they were assigned, were John Dalton, for his development of the Atomic Theory; Mr. Ivory, for his paper on Astronomical Reflections, and his valuable contribution to Analytic Mathematics, a branch of science, in which Britain can now exhibit as proofs of her eminence, the names of Herschel, Airy, Lubbock, and Hamilton; Sir H. Davy and Dr. Wollaston, whose chemical discoveries needed no comment; Professor Struve, of Dorpat, the author of several able Memoirs on Double Stars; Sir Charles Bell, the celebrated investigator of the Nervous System; Professor Encke, of Berlin, for his accurate determination of the Orbit of a Comet of Short Period, as confirmed by observation; Sir David Brewster, for his communications on the Polarization of Light; to Professor Mitscherlich, of Berlin, for his discoveries relating to the Laws of Crystallization; and to M. Balard, of Montpellier, for his discovery of Bromine.

The change of system since 1830, was founded on the following principles: three years were to be allowed for the discoveries or investigations taken into consideration; the judgment of the council was to be founded on memoirs actually presented to the Society; and, to prevent any jealousy between the cultivators of the various branches of knowledge, the sciences were to be formed into a cycle, one receiving the prize in each successive year. This cycle included, Astronomy, Physics, Geology and Mineralogy, Mathematics, Physiology and Chemistry.

The two medals, since His Majesty's accession, had been bestowed on M. Decandolle, the great investigator of vegetable physiology, and Sir J. Herschel, whose discoveries in astronomy prove that he inherits the talents, as well as the name, of his illustrious father.

The President then proceeded to the painful task of pronouncing the eulogium on the members who had died during the past year. We have not space to follow His Royal Highness through the affectionate, but, at the same time, judicious and impartial review he gave of their several labours. The mournful list contained the names of Sir J. Malcolm, Mr. W. Morgan, Mr. T. Allan, Dr. Babington, Lord Dover, Rev. B. Bridge, Capt. Lyon, Mr. J. Brookes, Mr. J. Whitely, M. La Gendrie, and a Portuguese Baron, whose name escaped us. Two Members had been elected, and had died within the year; Professor Mechel, of Halle, and Professor La Fontaine, of Paris. At the conclusion of the last year, the President had to allude to the probable loss of Capt. Ross and his brave companions: with sincere pleasure he had now to announce, that the lost had been found; the importance of the discoveries made by the bold adventurer, was of little moment compared with the fact of his unexpected restoration to his family and friends.

This is but a faint outline of an address, which,

for sound criticism, extensive knowledge, and affectionate sympathy, could not be excelled. It had the rare merit of gratifying the reason, and interesting the feelings of all who heard it.

Dec. 5.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—The following gentlemen were admitted Members of the Society: Dr. Copeland, Mr. E. Pearson, and Mr. C. Terry. Mr. Townley was re-admitted. In consequence of the length of time occupied by the routine business, no papers were read.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 21.—Thomas Amyot, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair.—The first meeting for the season was attended by an unusually large number of members, although it did not include either President, or any one of the four Vice Presidents. A great part of the evening, or, of the portion of the evening devoted to business, was occupied in matters of routine, such as the announcement of books, &c., presented to the Society during the recess, and in reading the testimonials of candidates for admission to the honours of its Fellowship, &c.

An abbatial seal, supposed to be that of the Abbot of Langley, in Norfolk, was exhibited by Sir Francis Freeling, Bart. Mr. Doubleday, a Fellow of the Society, exhibited casts of some seals, illustrative of the early history of England, and an ancient bronze sword, found in a field near Battle, in Sussex.

The Secretary read a communication from Mr. Mudge, descriptive of a singular wooden construction lately dug out of a bog in the north of Ireland. It is called a house, but the height of the stories, if they may be so called, being not more than four feet and a few inches, it may be more properly designated a kennel, or, perhaps, a cabin. It lay sixteen feet below the surface, and is a rude specimen of Irish carpentry.

Nov. 28.—Hudson Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Some new candidates were proposed, and some of those who had undergone their probation were elected Fellows of the Society. A communication from Mr. Repton, a Fellow of the Society, was read, 'On the Form of Boots and Shoes from the time of Edward III. down to the latter end of the last century.' It contained a great deal of curious matter, and many scraps and quotations of old writers, illustrative of the subject, and is in continuation of a series of papers on costume, which Mr. Repton commenced some time ago.

Dec. 5.—Hudson Gurney, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—Three gentlemen were balloted for and elected: two as Ordinary Fellows, and one as an Honorary Fellow of the Society. Sir Henry Ellis read a letter, addressed to himself, by Mr. A. J. Kempe, descriptive of a wooden carved figure of a toper, which was exhibited to the Society, and which Mr. Kempe thought to be intended as a representation of Sir John Falstaff. It was taken from one of the old houses in Eastcheap, the scene of the knight's carousings, and is believed to be of the latter end of the 17th century, of which period it bears the costume. In an excavation made in the same vicinity, Mr. Kempe discovered remains of walls of Roman construction, and passed through several strata, indicative of some of the events which have transpired on the site; from the modern pavement, through the ashes of the great fire of 1666, and down to similar indications of that which occurred in the reign of the Emperor Nero, below which occurs fragments of tile resting on the gravel which superimposes the London clay. Some coins of some of the Roman emperors were also found in the same excavation.

Mr. Amyot communicated the second of a series of letters addressed to him, by Mr. J. Bruce, illustrative of the history of the Court of Star Chamber. This contained some curious

and interesting details of the proceedings of this tribunal, and particularly of the doings of the notorious Empson and Dudley. It included too, notices of payments made to Henry VIII., by various persons of all grades in society, from the common thief up to bishops, earls, and dukes, for pardons, before they were brought to trial, to absolve them from the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts of justice. The sums acknowledged varied in amount, according to the rank of the purchaser and the enormity of the offence to be pardoned, from 20*l.* to 10,000*l.* This affords, as Mr. Bruce remarked, an apt illustration of the celebrated clause in Magna Charta, "*nulli vendemus*," &c.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Dec. 3.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—W. H. R. Read, Esq., of the Temple, was elected a Fellow of the Society. The concluding portion of Dr. Daubeny's paper was read. Among other experiments, the seed of trefoil was sown in powdered nitrate of strontian, pounded Cararra marble, and sand, in separate boxes, each occasionally moistened with distilled water. Careful analysis of the different plants thus produced, did not afford any trace of strontian in those from the first box, but excess of lime and silice were found in those from the second and third. The experiments were varied both as to the plants and soils, the particulars of which were fully detailed in this interesting communication, and the results exhibited in tabular views, from which it was finally inferred that the roots of plants have the power of selection from the earthy constituents presented to their absorbing surfaces.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 4.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq. President, in the chair.—Viscount Oxmantown, M.P., Sir George Magrath, M.D., Jones Quain, M.D., Rev. Thomas S. Turnbull, George Rushout, Esq., Charles H. Weston, Esq., John Waterhouse, Jun. Esq., and Richard Hollier, Esq., were elected Fellows of this Society.

The first communication read was a letter addressed to Mr. Greenough, by H. E. Strickland, Esq. of Cracombe near Evesham, on the red marl and lias of parts of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Warwickshire, and on a line of disturbance which affects those formations between Bredon Hill in Gloucestershire, and Inkelbrorow in Worcestershire.

Two papers by Dr. Mitchell, F.G.S. were afterwards read; one on the Portland oolite of Quainton and Bredon Hills, Buckinghamshire; and the other on the changes which have been produced by the action of the sea on the coast, and the bed of the Thames near the Reculvers, since the time of the Romans.

A letter from Mr. Ellis, F.G.S. was also communicated to the Society by the President, accompanied by a specimen of silicified wood enclosed in a chalk flint found on Tamworth Down near Basingstoke.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 3.—A paper by the author of the 'Domestic Gardener's Manual,' was read, respecting his discoveries connected with the culture of melons, and detailing the experiments upon plants of the genus Cucumis, with which he has for some time past been occupied. The observations of Mr. Towers, upon the effect of water on the melon tribe, appear to have been conducted with great vigilance, and will no doubt lead to a material change in the methods employed by cultivators in raising these fruits. A letter from James Bateman, Esq., was then read, containing an account and particulars concerning the treatment of the *Averrhoa carambola*, the fruit so much esteemed for many purposes in the Indian Archipelago. The communication was illustrated by drawings of the flowers,

the general appearance of the tree, and by some very fine fruit from the plants in Mr. B.'s stove. The exhibition of flowers, contained plants of the *Cactus truncatus*, *Pereskia*, *Gloxinia caulescens*, and *Justicia speciosa*, from the garden of Sir E. Antrobus; *Buddleia Madagascariensis*, &c., from Mrs. Marryat; *Strelitzia regina*, from Mr. R. Buck; and collections of seedling and other chrysanthemums. In addition to the above, we observed a handsome pine-apple, some excellent pears, &c.

George Selby, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Evening Scientific Meeting, Nov. 26—J. Hamilton, Esq., in the chair.—The Secretary read some extracts from the annual report of the Natural History Society of the Mauritius, which included various novelties. Mr. Gray exhibited a new bat from the collection formed in the West Indies by the late Rev. Lansdowne Guilding. This specimen is allied to those of the genus *Glossophaga*, but the decided difference and peculiarity of the nose and its membranes will make a new generic term necessary.

Mr. Cuming exhibited several new species of the genus *Pleuratoma*, for which Mr. George Sowerby had furnished specific characters, which were read. Mr. Owen read a paper on the anatomy of the animals of the genera *Orbicula* and *Terebratula*, with some additions to what was previously known of the animals of various species of *Lingula*.—Mr. Owen afterwards read an interesting paper on the period of gestation and breeding of the Kangaroo, from observations made at the Society's farm at Kingston, and at the Gardens in the Regent's Park.

Entomological Society.—Dec. 2.—This Society held its second meeting, which was attended by about sixty gentlemen, amongst whom were J. G. Children, Esq., W. Spence, Esq., Dr. Roget, W. Swainson, Esq., Dr. Grant, Colonel Sykes, Rev. F. W. Hope.

The chair was taken by J. G. Children, Esq., President. A paper was read, by Edward Newman, Esq. F.L.S., entitled 'Some observations on the head of Insects,' and forming part of an 'Essay on the external anatomy of Insects,' at present in course of publication in the Entomological Magazine. The paper dwelt more particularly on the similarity in form of the mouths of the different orders of insects, and proposed some alterations in the terminology at present employed.

An extract of a letter was communicated by W. Spence, Esq., containing a short notice of the Hessian Fly, by E. C. Herrick, of New Haven, Connecticut, who has for some time past been engaged in collecting materials for a memoir on this insect and its parasites. He states that all former accounts are filled with errors, which he hopes to be able to correct, when he has had opportunities of extending and confirming his observations. Names for three new species of Australian Coleoptera, belonging to the family Longicornee, were then proposed by Rev. F. W. Hope: they had all the merit of describing some peculiarity in the insect to be designated. The expression of the regrets of the Society at the loss their science had sustained, by the death of the late A. H. Haworth Esq., was ordered to be entered on the minute-book; and the President paid a handsome tribute to his memory, passing an eulogium on his labours, particularly his valuable work entitled 'Lepidoptera Britannica.'

The seal of the Society was exhibited, containing in the centre, a figure of the *Stylops Kirbyi*, out of compliment to the venerable gentleman, who may truly be looked on as the Father of British Entomology, and by whom the new order, of which this insect is typical, had first been proposed and described.

Nearly ninety members have enrolled their names, so that the society may now be looked on as established.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society.....	½ p. 8, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific Business)	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts	½ p. 7, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society	½ p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Astronomical Society	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—At the meeting held on Monday the 25th ult., Professor Airy, one of the Vice-Presidents, in the chair, various presents were announced, among which was a collection of Vesuvian Minerals, presented by the Rev. R. Willis. A beetle, found in the centre of a block of mahogany, presented by Mr. Metcalfe, was commented on by Professor Henslowe. A paper, by Mr. Lowe, of Madeira, was read, on a rare molluscous animal, termed *Umbrella*, illustrated by a drawing. Mr. Hopkins gave an account, illustrated by various maps and sections, of the geology of Derbyshire, which gave rise to several remarks on the part of other members.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

FINE ARTS

Gage d'Amitté, for 1834. London: Fisher & Co.

THIS is only another name for the 'Westmorland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland, Illustrated,' a work we have often commended, and which we think well deserving that commendation, when we consider the price at which it is offered to the public. The present volume contains no less than seventy-three views, is very handsomely bound, and, to our feeling, is one of the most interesting of the Annuals, and an admirable book for a drawing-room table.

Works of light and elegant manufacture, increase and multiply on our hands; in vain we pull the rose, and speak of its beauty and its odour; in an hour another blossom is put forth, and we are called again to look and admire, till we are almost weary of the elegant abundance offered to our examination. The garlands of the Annuals have been duly gathered; but flowers enough remain behind to satisfy all reasonable love of what is fair and beautiful. Here we have, 1. The Gallery of the Graces. 2. The Portrait Gallery of British Beauties. 3. Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. 4. Finden's Landscape Illustrations of Murray's Byron. 5. Engravings from the Works of Liverseege. 6. Major's Cabinet Gallery. 7. Memorials of Oxford.

The three numbers of the *Gallery of the Graces* before us, contain personations of the 'Genevieve' of Coleridge; the 'Ruth' of Wordsworth; the 'Maid of Lismore,' by Miss Landon; the 'Spirit of Norman Abbey,' by Lord Byron; the 'Erinna' of Miss Landon; the 'Caroline' of Campbell; the 'Lady of the Gondola,' by Hervey; 'A Pleasant Thought,' by Miss Landon; and the 'Isabel,' of Barry Cornwall. The conception in some of these 'Graces,' is better than the execution; in others again, the execution is all that we can conscientiously commend. The 'Genevieve' looks a cold and unimpassioned lady, unlike the exquisite creation of the poet; the 'Maid of Lismore' is smooth without expression; the 'Spirit of Norman Abbey' has little of the shadowy and aerial; 'Erinna' is better, but she is staring, as if inspiration came by staring into space; the 'Ruth' is the most truly poetic: she is playing on a pipe,

but her lips seem unconsenting, they are not musically inclined. Had these nine young ladies come to us in a more modest manner, we should have liked them better; they would become a ball-room or an evening party, but we cannot conscientiously call them Graces.

The Portrait Gallery of distinguished Females is published by Mr. Bull; here we have the truth of nature, and if some of the ladies are not quite so lovely as we could wish, we can attach no blame to the artists, whose business was to copy, not invent. In the two numbers before us, there are six portraits: 1. 'The Countess of Verulam;' 2. 'Baroness Durham;' 3. 'Lady H. Ellice;' 4. 'Lady Gore Booth;' 5. 'Lady Kerrison;' and 6. 'Lady Grantham.' They are generally easy and elegant in posture, nor is there any deficiency in expression, save in the likeness of Lady Ellice; there is an unnatural fullness about the mouth, which seems to indicate that the drawing was made after death.

Three numbers of the *Illustrations to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*, published by Tilt, are before us, containing twelve landscapes and imaginary portraits of two of the heroines of his verse. 'Tantallon' and 'Roslin,' are copied from Turner's views, published in the 'Antiquities of the Border;' several are after Callcott, Copley Fielding, and De Wint; and two or three are embellished from the original sketches of Skene. The landscapes of Callcott unite poetic beauty with reality; those of Fielding and De Wint are also of high merit, nor should the monastic ruins of Egilstone, by Gastineau, be forgotten; they awaken melancholy reflections; but we cannot admire the scene wrought up by Cotman, from the sketch of Skene; no one ever saw a Highland chieftain with his retainers, shooting deer at the Grey Mare's Tail, in the wild Pass of Moffat; why the tartan is a hundred miles off—nor is it more the badge of Scotland, than the leek is of England. The 'Edith' of Mulready is a sweet creation; the 'Matilda' of Mrs. Carpenter is a gentle creature, but a little too gay in her attire for poetic simplicity.

Of Finden's *Landscape Illustrations of Murray's edition of Byron*, we have repeatedly spoken with praise; numbers 18, 19, and 20, merit equal attention with the earlier ones; 'Padua,' by Stanfield; 'Tivoli,' by Harding; 'The Rialto,' by Prout; 'The Leaning Tower of Saragoza,' by Lewis; 'Seville,' by the same hand; 'St. Mark's, Venice,' by Prout; and 'Cephalonia,' by Turner, are all excellent; the first and last more particularly; the air is so clear, and all is so gracefully defined, that we cannot choose but admire. Of the three heads which accompany the landscapes, the best is that of Southey, after Phillips; the head has, as Byron said, an epic look; Gifford's is mean and stiff; there is a better portrait by Hoppner, in Murray's possession. The mouth of the Countess of Jersey is awry; the whole face has the same fault.

In Part 7, of *Engraving from the Works of Henry Liverseege*, published by Moon & Boys, we have one admirable picture, called 'Popping the Question.' The painter has represented a gentleman, whose age is not at all concealed by a superabundance of lace on his antique dress, putting his hand nigh his heart, dropping his eyelids, and pressing his suit on a spinster, whose blushes and wrinkles are screened behind her fan. A lap-dog and a parrot, seem not unconscious that a rival has made his appearance: the former is shaking a laced hat to pieces, while Poll draws herself up, and is probably mimicking the language of the lover. 'Lucy Ashton at the Mermaid's Fountain,' and 'Parental Affection,' will find admirers.

Here we have the third and fourth numbers of volume second of *Major's Cabinet Gallery of*

Pictures; there are six engravings in all: 1. 'Landscape,' by Cuyt; 2. 'Cupid,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds; 3. 'Woody Landscape,' by Waterloo; 4. 'Portrait, in Character,' by Mortimer; 5. 'A Landscape,' by Sir George Beaumont; 6. 'The Last Supper,' by Murillo. Of these, the Waterloo and the Mortimer are truly beautiful; indeed, the engravings of the second volume are manifestly superior to those of the first. The peculiar style of each painter is maintained by the pencil; while the pen delineates their characters as artists and as men.

The *Memorials of Oxford* continue to interest us. The principal buildings are well engraved, and much that is interesting to the antiquary and historian, is related in the letter-press.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

A new farce, in one act, called 'A Soldier's Courtship' was brought out here on Tuesday night, with such deserved and unequivocal success as must cause it to be a long time before it goes in again. The business lies, as the saying is, "in a nutshell;" but a fuller, or a more palatable nut has never been cracked. There is a fund of merriment, wit and point compressed into this small space—it is, indeed, a one-act comedy, and ought not to be styled a farce. The plot is simple, and the characters but three in number—a young widow (Miss Phillips), who having married once to please her father, is free to marry to please herself—a waiting maid (Miss Taylor), and a Colonel of Lancers (Mr. Cooper). The widow pretends, even to her maid, that she has no wish to marry again; but yet the maid has observed her frequently sitting at a window which faces the lodgings of the Colonel. On one occasion she drops her book (accidentally on purpose) into the street, and the Colonel, who, of course, picks it up, calls to return it. He takes this opportunity of declaring himself her ardent admirer—is rejected, and requested to withdraw. This he declines to do, and, at length, by dint of sheer impudence, (an article which, we regret to say, stands men in better stead, with the generality of women, than all the higher qualities of the heart and head put together,) he worries her into a bet, that he will make her consent to be his, within twenty-four hours, if she will grant him three interviews in the course of that time; and he gives the finishing touch to his assurance by offering to let the present interview count for one. This arranged, he makes his bow. Upon the second visit, he is again dismissed with no better hopes of success—between this and the third, he changes his tactics—writes a note to say, that, perceiving he has no chance of her hand, he is going off into the country to marry a lady of his father's choosing, and encloses 300*l.*, the amount of the wager he admits to have lost. Then, the woman breaks forth—"What!" she argues—(and how many, unfortunately, are there in real life, who argue in the same way!)—"Do you presume to slight me? Do you dare to take me at my word, and leave me? It is true I did not care about you—it is true I told you so; but that was while I felt you were in my power, and thought that I might trifle with your feelings; but if you venture to talk about withdrawing your allegiance, no matter how I have used you, I'll have you back at any sacrifice—my pride is hurt, my vanity is mortified, and you shall own that you love me still, even if I am reduced to the necessity of owning that I love you (and be hanged to you) in return." We request that Mr. Poole may not be made responsible for this our hasty sketch of the process of reasoning which goes on in the widow's mind. The colonel, who knows the world, and who, like many other colonels, has spent the greater part

of his leisure time in studying its female inhabitants, calls, as if for the mere purpose of taking a respectful leave. It is quite needless to say, that the third meeting ends in a contract of marriage.

Mr. Cooper, Miss Phillips, and Miss Taylor, did their best. We could cast the parts better, but not in the present state of the theatre. This clever, lively, and elegant little comedy was received with marked attention, and crowned with unanimous applause. It is long since we have seen one better deserving of both. The dialogue is excellent, and polished by Mr. Poole with as much care as our French prisoners used to polish a beef bone, before they made it into a cribbage-board or a little man-of-war. The finish of it amply repays the care which Mr. Poole has evidently bestowed upon it; and, as a whole, it may fairly be taken as a confirmation of an assertion we read some days since in a newspaper, that he is the neatest writer of dialogue for the stage now living.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

WE are somewhat late in the field with a notice of another successful novelty, produced at this house on Thursday week. It is called 'Hush-Money,' and its author is Mr. George Dance. Mr. Liston's manner of acting *Mr. Jasper Touchwood* is beyond praise. Mrs. Orger is admirable, and Mrs. Tayleure plays a sour, saucy, sneering, snarling, snappish woman to perfection. The quarrel scene between her and Mrs. Orger, is as fair a specimen of give-and-take between two clever actresses as we ever witnessed. Mr. Keeley also, in his scenes with Mr. Liston, stands his ground, to the utmost the part admits of, well and honestly by his side. The other parts afford but little scope, but all is done for them that need be. The treasurer of the theatre has a good opinion of this farce—*verbum sat*.

Two more novelties are announced for next week: one on Monday, from the pen of Mr. Kenney, which is as much as to say, it will be sure to succeed—not to mention Mr. Liston and Mr. Keeley having the principal parts; and the other on Thursday. In the latter, Madame Vestris will personate a Welch Girl, and sing certain snatches and songs, adapted to some of the most beautiful melodies of that country. The success of this may, therefore, we imagine, be insured, at a very moderate premium.

MISCELLANEA

Raphael's Remains.—It is mentioned in the foreign journals, that, at the opening of the tomb of Raphael, Camuccini proceeded to take a sketch of the scene, having been commissioned by the Pope to do so, in order to its being engraved and published. Horace Vernet being present, also commenced exercising his pencil for the like purpose, but, on its being observed, he was told that it could not be permitted—the privilege having been granted to Camuccini. Vernet at once gave up his unfinished drawing; but, on his return home, made a sketch from memory, which he caused to be lithographed;—on its being published, the work was seized by the police. The artist appealed to the French Ambassador, and through his interference, the prints were restored. Vernet, suspecting that Camuccini was the instigator of the proceeding, tore the prints in pieces, and sent the fragments to the Roman artist, who wrote a letter of apology to his quondam friend. It should be observed, that Vernet had obtained for Camuccini the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and was the bearer of it on his last visit to Italy. The fracas has caused considerable sensation at Rome.

Germany.—Not only is Germany prolific in literature beyond all conception, as witness the half-yearly Leipzig Catalogue of awful dimensions, but she is insatiate of foreign productions. Every book, in whatever language published, is, we believe, forthwith translated into German; and lest this appropriation of single works should seem insufficient, Herr Mon Knorring has announced and begun a Russian Library for Germans, the first number of which offers to the said Germans the translation of a "Russian Historical novel of the 14th century," called "Simon Kirdjapa."

Social Habits of Pera.—The dinner parties are generally over by half-past seven or eight o'clock, at which hour the persons who are invited to attend the ball begin to assemble. These are invited by the chiefs of the different legations, at the request of the minister, or ambassador giving the entertainment. It is usual for the minister, chargé, &c., to introduce those he has invited to his host, soon after their entrance into the room. The amusement of the evening consists chiefly in dancing, in which the young ladies of Pera perform a conspicuous part, all dancing extremely well, and being, as I before said, quite pretty, and dressing very neatly, they make very pleasant partners to the young gentlemen who are attached to the different legations. But if the aforesaid young ladies are connected in the twentieth degree with the Turgemanic, woe betide the *bourgeois*, with his blue coat and his yellow buttons, who dares approach them with the desire of dancing with them. No, he must seek a plebeian partner, of which, of course, there are plenty in the room, it being understood that all having claims to respectability and gentility are to be invited to these balls.—The passion of the oldest of the old ladies for dancing, continues until the latest period of their lives. To tell the truth, I have not seen one older than a grandmother dance, but, I speak of the passion, which, like most passions, exists long after the power of gratifying it ceases. I have seen a grandmother however, lead off a Romantic, a kind of Bacchanalian dance, with considerable spirit for a few minutes, but she at length gave up; her will was good, but her powers could not last, and the poor old lady was led tottering off to her seat, applauded, of course, by the whole company.—*American Monthly Magazine.*

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

On the 1st of February Mr. Valpy will commence, in monthly volumes (uniform with the works of Byron, Scott, &c.) the publication of Hume and Smollett's History of England, with a continuation from the accession of George III. to 1835, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. Prebendary of Peterborough; with Portraits of all the Sovereigns, and Historical Illustrations of the most important events in English History, engraved by Warren, Freeman, and others.

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Just published.—Lord Byron's Conversations with the Countess of Blessington, 8vo. 1*l.*—Statutes at Large, 4to. Vol. 13, Part I. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Second Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, 2 vols. 8vo. 12*s.*—British Encyclopedia (Arts and Sciences), Vol. 1, royal 8vo. 15*s.*—Turner's Annual Tour, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—Duty of Prayer, by the Rev. A. Whyte, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—The Christian's Golden Harp, or the Promises of Scripture in Verse, 24mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Life and Diary of R. Erskine, by Donald Fraser, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Nun, by Mrs. Sherwood, 6*s.*—Gale Middleton, 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Tales of Revenue, Part II. fol. 12*s.*—Captain Min's Narrative of the Naval Expedition to Portugal under Don Pedro, 8vo. 10*s.*—Hunterian Reminiscences, by J. Parkinson, 4to. 16*s.*—The Northern Tourist, 4to. 18*s.*—Royal Cameo Scrap-Book, royal 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.*—Juvenile Kaleidoscope, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Dyke's Travelling Memoranda during a Tour through Belgium, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 15*s.*—The Moral of Flowers, coloured plates, 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*—Literary Recreations, by the Rev. T. Young, 12mo. 4*s.*—Tomlinson's Views on the Rhine, royal 8vo. 15*s.*

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